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Marg^t - H. Haskell
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of



Wisdom conducting the Juvenile Ramblers
through the Paths of Nature to the Temple
of Fame.

JUVENILE RAMBLES
THROUGH THE
PATHS OF NATURE;

IN WHICH MANY PARTS OF THE
Wonderful Works of the Creation
are brought Forward,

AND MADE

FAMILIAR TO THE CAPACITY OF EVERY
LITTLE MISS AND MASTER,

WHO WISHES TO BECOME
WISE AND GOOD.



EMBELLISHED WITH CUTS.

L O N D O N :

Printed for E. NEWBERRY, the Corner of
St. Paul's Church-Yard.

[Price SIX-PENCE.]

M DCC LXXXVI.

Douce Adds. 287

TO THE
Little Misses and Masters
OF
GREAT BRITAIN,
THESE
JUVENILE RAMBLES
ARE INSCRIBED,
BY THEIR FAITHFUL FRIEND,
AND SINCERE WELL-WISHER,

R. J.

Emily Haskole 1819

JUVENILE RAMBLES

THROUGH THE
PATHS OF NATURE.

RAMBLE I.

YOU will remember, my dear Miss Charlotte and Master Billy, that I promised you, almost immediately after my arrival in the country, to take the first convenient opportunities of treating you with a few rambles through the Paths of Nature; that is, to accompany you both in different walks through fields and groves, orchards and flower gardens, over meadows, and by the sides of limpid streams, where, on every step you took, something or other

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would present itself, in which would be seen the handy works of that wonderful Creator, who formed every thing this world contains.

And here, my dear children, let me remind you, that as I am now about to fulfil my promise, you will be as punctual in performing yours, which was, that you would properly attend to those reflections I shall make on whatever may happen to strike my notice; for, without proper attention on your part, the wisest lessons will be useless to you, and I shall be left to regret the time and pains I may have thus ineffectually wasted. And see, while I am thus speaking, how the sheep are scattered about the field, feasting on the enamelled grass that springs beneath their feet, and covers the field with a verdant carpet.

See

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See the pretty little lambkins, how they skip and wanton around their parent sheep! Nature has clothed them for their protection in winter, by giving them a thick coat of wool, which secures them from the inclemency of the coldest weather. With the same views, the taylor supplies you both with little great coats in the winter, which are taken from you when the summer heats come on. So the farmer, in the spring, eases the pretty

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pretty creatures of their load of wool, by cutting it off, which they call *sheering*. They have been just now sheered, and see how they skip and play about, just like a little boy, who has pulled off his coat, in order to be more active at some favourite sport.

It is a pity, that these pretty creatures must be delivered into the hands of the butcher, whose unrelenting knife will soon put an end to their lives; and yet this must be the case, or else we should have neither mutton nor lamb to eat, we should have no parchment to write on, nor to cover your drum, nor leather for the binding of your large books. Parchment and leather are both produced from the skins of sheep, and there is nothing belonging to this innocent animal but what turns to some account or other.

The wool of these sheep, my dear children, is very valuable indeed, and produces what people call the staple commodity of the kingdom; that is, it af-

fords

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fords one of the principal articles we send to foreign countries, and such as those countries can get no where else. This wool also finds employment for a vast number of people, through whose hands it passes, till it at last comes upon your back, to preserve you from the effects of heat and cold. It is by spinning this wool that your old neighbour, Goody Trusty, gets her living, and not only keeps beggary from her door, but even seems chearful, happy, and contented.

When Goody Trusty has spun it, it is then called *worsted*; and then the weaver takes it in hand, and makes cloth of it for mens clothes, flannels, blankets, stockings, gloves, and a variety of other articles: so that we may justly be said to receive food and raiment from these innocent pretty creatures.

When you consider how serviceable these innocent sheep are to us, I am sure you will both think it a pity that they should be killed; and yet, if they were

not

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not to be killed, they would then be of no use to us, and they would become even very troublesome to each other; for they would then encrease so fast, that they would presently eat up all the grass, and then they must be soon starved. This, my dears, you are sensible would be a terrible death, and infinitely worse than that they usually suffer. A short life and a merry one seems to be the allotment of these pretty creatures.

Though these pretty sheep and lambs will soon be killed; yet, while they live, they enjoy all the pleasures this world can afford them: they have fine green pastures to feed and ramble in; and when they die, they are missed by no relations, who can either get or lose a fortune by their deaths; for these pretty sheep are never one moment disturbed by the fears of future want, or those of losing what they at present enjoy. Were either of you, my little dears, to die, your parents and friends would cry for you, because they
can

JUVENILE RAMBLES. 13

can never forget you as long as they live. The care is very different with respect to these pretty sheep and lambs; for, though nothing can be fonder of their young than these sheep are, yet they do not spoil their lambkins in nursing, by being imprudently fond of them; while they are helpless, they take all imaginable care of them; but as soon as they can feed themselves, they let them suck no longer, drive them away, leave them to themselves, and take no more notice of them.

They continue cropping the flowery food till they are taken from thence to be brought to the market, nor are they sensible of their approaching fate, till the butcher's knife puts them to a little pain, which is soon over, and they are quite dead; and when any thing is dead, you know, it can feel no more pain. But how long and how much pain do some of us human creatures feel in our struggles between this and the other world! However, God has been pleased to order
it

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it so, and it is our duty, on all occasions, to submit.

While we are thus admiring these pretty sheep and lambs, let us not, my dear children, be unmindful of the beauty of the meadow in which they feed. How green the grass looks, and how it is intermixed with a variety of pretty flowers! Run about, and see what you can gather. Bless me, my dear Charlotte, what a pretty nosegay you have collected! Every hedge-row and ditch now puts forth its decorations; and, in some instances, rivals the beauties of cultivated gardens. For every thing produced in gardens, you know, is the work of art; but here nature alone is concerned.

In like manner, as you have seen, that sheep and lambs are not suffered to live till they die of themselves, so neither are the grass and beautiful flowers suffered to remain till they wither. The mower will soon come with his scythe, and cut down every blade of it. The hay-makers
will

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will then come, and toss it about in the sun, till it be properly dried in the air, when they will then take it home to their barns, and there keep it, against those cold dreary months, when the fields afford no pasture for the cattle. Do not you remember, my pretty children, how highly you were both delighted last year, on seeing the merriments of harvest-home?

While the hay-makers are tossing the grass about in the sun and air, the seeds fall from it upon the ground, and there taking root, spring up again the next summer, and produce a new crop; but new meadows must be sowed with a proper quantity of these seeds.

Those beautiful flowers, my dear Charlotte, which you now hold in your hand, sprung likewise from small seeds, which were either mixed with the hay-seed, or blown by the winds from some neighbouring field. These flowers, when cut down and dried with the grass, not only
add

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add to its sweetness, but tend to make it more wholesome for the cattle.

The cattle are not the only animals that derive advantage from the fields and meadows, since almost every hedge and ditch abounds with those medicinal plants, which are found so useful in many disorders. You have both of you, my dears, drank nettle tea, you have eat water-cresses, and I know you are both fond of blackberries, which will by and by be ripe. Nothing grows in that hedge we are now viewing, but what may be applied to some use or other.

See with what unconcern the cattle crop the verdant grass. Nature is their cook; for they want none of their victuals dressed for them, nor are any French sauces necessary to make it palatable. Their food springs beneath their feet, and they have only to stoop to eat it. Thus, my dear children, you see that God has provided for all the creatures of his creation, and none have any just right to com-

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complain. The cattle never do; but little boys and girls, and sometimes old folks likewise, are too apt to be dissatisfied, and to wish for those things, which, if obtained, would perhaps only tend to make them miserable. But, hark, we are called to dinner.

R A M B L E II.



I AM pleased, my dear children, with what you repeated yesterday at dinner time, concerning the sheep, the lambs, and the produce of the meadows we had before been viewing. From the undoubted proof you have given me of your attention, I shall the more cheerfully attend you in this and our succeeding rambles.

Bless

Bless me, what a noble, stately, spreading oak is this before us! It looks like an emperor surrounded by his vassals. But in what a different light must we view it! An emperor is a temporal prince, liable by the storms of fortune to be levelled in a moment to his parent earth; and even should he reign uninterrupted for a long train of years, yet how short will his life be when compared to the life of this majestic oak! This oak is probably more than an hundred years old, and, though it must have received the shocks of many horrible storms and tempests, and the furious blasts of many a winter, yet no part of it seems to have been hurt even by time itself.

You felt, my dear children, how hot the sun was before we got under this tree; but you now see what a noble umbrella it affords us, since the sun cannot penetrate a single ray through its thick interwoven boughs. When we shall be

B 2

gone,

gone, the cattle will quit the field, and take our place.

This huge tree was produced originally only from a single acorn, like those of which you see thousands now hanging on the tree. Though it is impossible to number the leaves on its branches and boughs, yet let me desire you to remember, that not any two of those leaves are alike. I am sure, Master Billy, you would be glad here to have a game at trap-ball, nor would Miss Charlotte be less pleased to read some of her little entertaining books under this noble and pleasing shade.

How short is the continuance of human life, when compared to the long-lived oak, which is said to be an hundred years, from the first planting of the acorn, to the time of its maturity; it is also said to remain an hundred years in its prime, and to be an hundred more in decaying! But, having made this observation, so common among those who

have

have not had much experience, or received the advantage of education, it may be necessary to observe, that this is not always the case; for its strength greatly depends on the vigour of the plant, the nature of the soil it grows in. and its situation with respect to particular winds.

Do not think, my dear children, that this tree is so long growing merely to afford the beast of the field a shelter. No, it answers many noble purposes. While it is growing, it produces vast numbers of acorns, which serve to fatten vast quantities of hogs, and make excellent pork or bacon. When the axe of the woodman lays it level with the earth, it is then called timber, and is made use of in the building of strong houses, where it has been known to endure unimpaired for more than an hundred years. But the noblest use that is made of it, is in building of ships, which sail to the remotest parts of the world, withstand the fury of tempestuous elements, and convey

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vey immense burthens of treasure on the surface of the ocean.

Though the oak is the most useful and stately tree, yet there are many others that are very valuable, and none of them to be despised, since there is not a single tree, nor even a shrub, but what has its use. The elm, the ash, the chestnut, and the walnut, have each their separate use; but the walnut-tree is too well known to you, on account of the employment it produces for your nut-crackers, to need my saying any thing about it.

When trees are thick planted together, they are called a wood, which affords a most pleasing retreat from the heat of the summer's noon-day sun. There we hear nothing of the noise and bustle of the world; but the black-bird, thrush, linnnet, and the other inhabitants of those seats of melody, strain their little throats to welcome our visit, and to amuse us while we stay there. Hark! what an uproar the woods are now in with the music

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fic of the birds. What a pity it is, that little boys should rob these pretty birds of their eggs!

I observed to you, that the oak-tree was produced from an acorn, and in like manner every tree is produced either from seeds or kernels that are in the inside of their fruit, or else from little plants taken from the old roots, or slips taken off from their branches. The loppings of these trees afford us comfortable and cheerful fires in the winter season; but other parts of them are more valuable; for our tanners, without the bark, could not prepare leather for our use, nor without bark could the dyers carry on their trade. Were it not for the trees, Billy, what would you do for bats, traps, and tops?

The trees also afford shelter to the pretty little birds, who, when it rains, hide themselves under the leaves; and, when the shower is over, they hop from twig to twig, shake their little tails, and express

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express their happiness in the sweetest notes. Should a shower come on, these trees would also shelter us even from the rain; but be sure, my dears, never to get under a tree to avoid lightning, that being very dangerous; for the boughs are very apt to draw the lightning to them.

Every hedge now looks like a garden. See how the sweet woodbines, by some people called honey-suckles, twist about the young trees, and give them the most beautiful appearance! There are many pretty things that grow in the hedges, all of which are of some use or other. The briars produce hips, and the hawthorns, haws, and on these the pretty little birds live in the winter, when frost and snow deprive them of almost every other kind of food. The brambles produce blackberries, which are so agreeable to the palates of you little folks. But pray be cautious of what you gather in the fields to eat; for there

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there are some berries, which, though they are very pretty to look at, would poison you were you to eat them; and to be poisoned is as bad as to be killed, for poison always brings death along with it.

Here, my dear Billy, is a pretty little hazle twig for you: it will serve you to drive away strange dogs, that come into the house and dirty it. On this hazle-tree grows nuts; but filberts are another kind of nuts, and a much better sort. You have plenty of walnuts in your orchard; but I must beg you both to remember, not to eat too many nuts of any sort, for they are very unwholesome when eaten to excess.

There are a great many other sorts of nuts, as almonds, chestnuts, and the like; but the cocoa-nut is the largest and finest. These last are not to be found in our fields; being raised only in gentlemen's hot houses; for their natural soil is in the West-Indies, a place on the other side of the great ocean, some thousands

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sands of miles distance from this country. The leaves of this tree are so very large, that the Indians use them to cover their houses; and they also make mats of them. Between the leaves and the top grow several shoots, as long as a man's arm, which being tapped produces a very agreeable liquor, which in the East-Indies they call Toddy, and from this they make arrack.

This tree produces fruit three times a year, and the fruit of it is as big as a man's head; though there is another sort not a quarter so big. There are other nuts, called Cocoa, and from these they make chocolate, of which you are both so fond.

Bless me, what have I here in my pocket? Why, I declare, it is a nutmeg! Well, my dears, this is a nut likewise, which gives such a nice flavour to your puddings and custards. You see it looks something like a walnut, but is much more valuable.

Well,

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Well, I must take this opportunity to explain to you a matter, which not only you young ones, but even many old people, are very much mistaken in. Lady Thrifty was the other day saying, that nutmegs, mace, cinnamon, and cloves, all grew upon one tree; but this is a very great mistake, as I shall now explain to you.

The nutmeg trees grow in the East-Indies, among what are called the Spice Islands. The nutmeg is the fruit of a tree, and resembles a walnut, being covered with an outside shell in the same manner. Round the inside shell, and close to the nutmeg, grows an aromatic substance, and this is what they call Mace; but cinnamon and cloves have nothing to do with the nutmeg tree, as I shall now acquaint you.

Cinnamon, as you know, my dears, is a very nice spice, and is the bark of a tree, growing on the island of Ceylon, in the East-Indies, on which island a nutmeg

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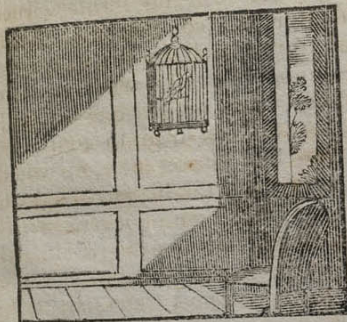
meg is not to be found. This bark is exceedingly thin, and is generally rolled up into a sort of tube or pipe, of different lengths. It is the heat of the sun that rolls it up in this manner.

As for Cloves, they are a dried unripe fruit, and as to the colour and shape, you are very well acquainted with them already; though I should tell you, that when first gathered, they are of a dark red, and are turned to the colour you now see them have, by being dried in the sun and smoke. These also grow in the East-Indies; but I must beg you both to remember, that nutmegs and mace grow upon one tree, cinnamon on another, and cloves on a third; nor do these three trees grow on the same island, but on different islands, almost a thousand miles distant from each other.

Bless me, what a long ramble we have taken this morning: it is almost dinner-time before one thought of it. Besides, the clouds seem to be gathering, and I expect

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expect we shall have some rain. Let us endeavour to get home before the shower comes on.

RAMBLE III.



IF you please, my pretty little companions, we will now take another Ramble, and pursue our researches into the wonderful works of nature. But, bless me, what a ranting this little canary-bird makes. You have, Miss Charlotte,

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lotte, given him a very elegant cage, and I really think he deserves it, for he is by no means an idle little fellow.

It is very surprising, that so little an animal should have so strong and sweet a pipe. He feels no inconvenience or regret for his confinement, but hops about from perch to perch, eats when he is hungry, drinks when he is dry, and sings when he pleases. Indeed, he has been so long used to confinement, that were he to be let loose, he would be unable to look for his food, and would perhaps soon die with hunger.

I hope you take care to give him, when necessary, fresh feed, and to supply him with plenty of sweet water, and to keep him quite clean; for he is your prisoner, and depends upon your care for his daily support. A prisoner, as he is, cannot fly abroad to take care of himself, and therefore he claims every mark of your attention. He endeavours to reward your
care

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care of him, by entertaining you with his sweetest notes, and filling your ears with the most charming sounds.

Were you to catch a bird that has been accustomed to live in the fields, and put him into a cage, confinement would be so dreadful to him, that he would perhaps beat himself to pieces against the sides of the cage. Should he not kill himself in that attempt to recover his liberty, yet he would remain sullen at one corner, refuse all victuals, and at last die with hunger, though there were plenty before him. But let us leave this pretty little canary-bird to himself, and see what the fields will offer to our reflections.

We have passed through that rural lane, and are now got into a beautiful corn-field. See, Billy, how beautifully it looks; observe, Charlotte, how the ears wave with the passing wind that puts the whole in motion! Great was the labour of the husbandman to produce this fine crop; for corn is not brought forward like
grass.

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grafs. When grafs has been once sown, it will afterwards annually sow itself; but it is very different with corn, which requires great care and good management.

The ground must be first prepared by ploughing, the grains of corn then sown in the furrows, and afterwards harrowed in, in order that the earth may cover the grain. Here, by the moisture of the ground, the seed becomes soft, and then swells, when the roots shoot downwards, and the blades force themselves upwards, till they break their way through the earth, when they appear with a beautiful green on its surface.

This will continue to encrease in height, and the sun will ripen it, till it becomes fit for the golden harvest, when the sickle of the reaper will lay it on the ground, where, having laid a little time, the husbandman will convey it to his barn, and at his leisure thrash it out. The miller will then grind it into flour, and the baker will make it into bread.

Nor

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Nor will Dolly, the cook-maid, neglect to convert part of it into pies, puddings, and tarts.

Let us continue our ramble, and get into the next field, where I see a fine crop of barley, which is very different from wheat. You see, my dear children, the ears are bearded; that is, they have long, hairy spikes, which, were you to put them into your mouths, if they did not choke you, would at least give you much pain.

Though barley does not make such good bread as wheat, yet it produces our most wholesome drink. The farmer sells it to the maltster, who makes it into malt, which is sold to the brewers, who make it into strong beer, such as, if little boys drink too much of it, will make their tongues run nineteen to the dozen. You would have but few fat chickens and turkies, or hardly any other kind of poultry, were it not for this useful grain. Even after the brewers have extracted the

C

greatest

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greatest part of the virtues of the malt, the grains feed our cows and hogs.

Let us quit this field, my dear children, and ramble over the next, where I see is a fine crop of oats. Now, oats are easily to be distinguished from either wheat or barley; for the wheat and barley-corns lie close together in one ear, but the oats hang in separate parcels, like fruit on a tree. Oats are generally mowed with a scythe, like grass; but wheat and barley are cut down with a sickle. I have heard you say, Master Billy, that you are fond of oat-cakes, and I know Miss Charlotte is.

These cakes are made of oats ground into flour; and of the same grain is made oatmeal, which serves to thicken your broths, or make you milk-pottage for your breakfasts, or water-gruel when you are ill.

I do not see any field of rye here, which is another kind of grain, that grows a good deal like barley. Bread is some-
times

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times made of it, but it is not very good, and is only consumed by those poor people who cannot get better.

Though we have such plenty of grain, and indeed a great deal to spare, which we often send over to France, Germany, and other places, yet we fetch grain from other countries, as millet from Turkey, and rice from the East Indies. These are usually made use of in puddings; and I have heard you both say, that rice-milk is delicious eating.

It is not in every country that grain is to be procured, either from want of a proper soil, or not knowing how to procure the seed, or how to manage it when procured. In this case, they are obliged to content themselves with eating fruit or roots. Indeed, even in some parts of the country you live in, there are people who are so extremely poor, that it is not in their power to procure bread, but are forced to live on what they can make of oats, such as cakes and puddings. Instead of
C 2
meat,

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meat, which they seldom taste, a few potatoes and a little milk, are all they can get.

My dear children, how thankful you ought to be to God, who has been pleased to place you in a situation, that supplies you with plenty of both bread and meat! Nor do you want any of the other necessaries of life. You have fine clothes to dress in, while these poor people have hardly rags enough to cover their nakedness, or to protect them against the cold blasts of winter; you lie every night on a nice bed, covered over with warm coverlids and blankets, while they think themselves happy, if they can get a little clean straw to lie on, and a coarse sack or two to cover them. The poverty and wretchedness of these people, should you happen to see them, must not induce you to despise them, but to pity and relieve them. I was yesterday highly delighted with both of you, on seeing you collect your little all, I think it was three-half-

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halfpence, and give them to a poor woman, who indeed seemed an object of charity, while the pitying tears that stood in each of your eyes amply marked the goodness of your little hearts.

See, my dears, without thinking of it, we have rambled into a turnip field. I need not tell you the use of these, as I know you both love them as sauce to boiled mutton or lamb. But they are not designed solely for our use, for the cows and sheep come in for their share of them, who are equally pleased with such food.

Look around you, my children, and you will see other fields at a little distance, some covered with potatoes and carrots, others with peas and beans, of which you may to day, perhaps, have some for dinner.

In some of these fields grow hemp and flax, which are very valuable commodities. The stalks of hemp and flax, after passing through various operations,

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are spun into thread. Of this flaxen thread they make linen cloth, and of the hemp they make ropes and cords. The shirt you have on, my dear Billy, once grew in a field, and so did Miss Charlotte's frock. You have often seen Goody Prudence making lace, with exceedingly fine thread, which was produced from flax finely prepared.

Bless me, where are we rambling to: we must return, or we shall be too late for dinner; but, in the way home, I will tell you something concerning cotton, which is peculiar to the East and West Indies, and of this muslins, dimities, and calicoes are made.

Cotton grows on a tree bearing its own name, in pods about the size of a nut, which encloses the seed. As these ripen, the outside becomes black, and the heat of the sun splits them open. They are then gathered, and the cotton is separated from the seeds by a proper machine. It is

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is then spun, when the weavers work it up into different articles.

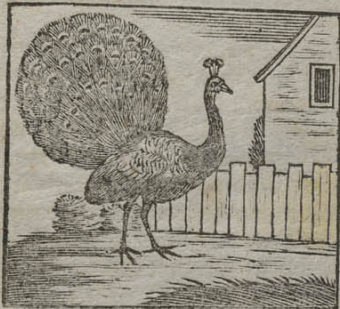
Such is the ingenuity and invention of some people, that in parts beyond the great ocean, where they have neither hemp, flax, nor cotton, they make a very curious cloth from the bark of trees, such as would be beyond our belief, had not some of our navigators brought pieces of it home.

Thus you see, my dear children, that though Providence may have given to some countries more than to others, yet that same power has bestowed on human nature such a strength of invention, as shall enable them to accommodate themselves some how or other, in every circumstance of life. Providence has been no less careful to provide for the fishy inhabitants of the waters, the beasts of the earth, and the fowls of the air. Even those very insects, many of which are too small for the naked eye to discover, are not overlooked by his all-seeing eye. How good

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good and thankful ought we to be to that great Creator, who dispenses all his bounties with so liberal a hand; who guides our steps by day, and watches over us by night; who is every where, and in every place at the same moment, and from whom no secrets are hidden!

R A M B L E IV.



I Am very glad my pretty little dears, to find you so early in your attendant on me to take another Ramble. It appears

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appears to me as a proof how much you like the lessons I give you. Bless me, Master Billy, what a smart hat you have on; it makes you look like any little beau. And those feathers in your hat, Miss Charlotte, look wonderfully pretty. Well, let us walk out, and see what we can meet with.

What are you both stopping to look at? Oh! it is a peacock, and a beautiful creature it is. See how it spreads its tail, which shines in the sun with uncommon lustre. You see near him a pea-hen, which has none of those beautiful colours you see in the peacock.

I must remind you, on this occasion, that though the peacock is so beautiful a creature to look at, he has one of the most disagreeable voices in nature, and has nothing to recommend him but the magnificence of his feathers. The same thing may be said of those little masters and misses, who, being dressed up in fine clothes, feathers, and ribbons, strut about like

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like the peacock ; but if they have not attended, like you, to improve their minds as they grew up, they will no sooner begin to speak, than they will be compared to the peacock, who, to be sure, looks wonderfully pretty, but is otherwise remarkable only for his pride and stupidity.

See yonder the pretty blackbirds, larks, linnets, and in that wood before you are numberless other pretty birds. They have not, it is true, those gaudy feathers which the peacock has, nor do they strut about with that pride and state ; but they are infinitely more pleasing in their activity and agility. It is pretty to see these little creatures, how they hop about from bough to bough, and seem to enjoy the most perfect pleasures. When the peacock opens his throat, you immediately forget all his beauties, and leave him in disgust ; but when these little creatures begin to sing, you are charmed with

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with their melody, and you quit the spot with regret.

Bless me, my dears, look at that fine bird, which is just come out of the wood ! It is a pheasant. See how beautiful it looks. They are something like the game-cock, and like them will fight very furiously. No body, I believe, eats a peacock ; but most people are fond of a pheasant. This is perhaps only owing to their being not so plentiful as other birds, and things that are hard to be come at, however indifferent they may be in themselves, are generally in high esteem.

See those two little rogues of cock sparrows, how they fight ! I know a naughty little boy, who used to catch these sparrows, put artificial spurs on them, cut their wings, and then set them together, when they would fight till one of them lay dead on the spot.

Let us look into the barn, and it is a chance but that we shall see an owl there.
Look

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Look about, Billy, and see if you cannot find one. Ah! I thought your young eyes would not be long in discovering that reverend-looking creature. See how majestic he appears; he continues here in solitude all the day, hating the delightful rays of the sun, against which he cannot look, and therefore he goes abroad only in the night-time, when other birds are gone to rest. Yet the owl is not to be despised; for he is useful in his kind, by living upon those mice, which would otherwise be very injurious to the farmers, in getting among their corn.

I suppose you heard the cuckoo in the spring, though he is now silent; for we are told, that he gets his voice by sucking other birds eggs, and that as soon as the birds have done laying, he begins to be hoarse, and soon loses his voice entirely. It is a lazy bird, for so far from taking the trouble to bring up its own young, it does not even hatch them, but the hen lays her eggs in other birds nests.

Look

JUVENILE RAMBLES. 45

Look at that pretty robbin. How tame he is! I wish I had a bit of bread to give him! You are right, my dear, they do say, "that the robbin and the wren are God's cock and hen;" but this is founded on a mistake, for there are hen robbins as well as cock robbins, and cock wrens as well as hen wrens. They are two different kinds of birds, and no ways related to each other, which I beg you to remember.

There are screech owls and bats, and some other birds, which by some ignorant people are said to be ominous, by making a hideous noise, or flapping against the windows of a sick person, thereby denoting that there will be a death in that house. But I would advise you, my dear children, never to believe any such idle stories; for it is impious to suppose, that God would put it in the power of these ignorant animals to foretel what he has, in his great wisdom, thought fit to conceal from us. What I have here said of
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the impossibility of birds foretelling events, may be in like manner applied to the howling of dogs, and the ticking of death-watches.

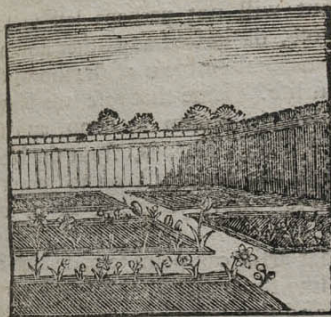
Among the number of foreign birds, the humming bird and the ostrich are the principal. The humming bird is the least and prettiest of all birds in the world. There are two sorts of these in the West Indies, of which the least is not larger than an humble bee. It has a small crest on its head, green at bottom, and gold at top, which, in the sun, sparkles and shines like a little star in the middle of the forehead. The ladies wear them in their ears for an ornament.

If the humming-bird be the smallest, the ostrich is the largest that we know of, being seven feet from the top of the head to the ground. It is said to be a silly bird, and lays its eggs in the sand, leaving the sun to hatch them. The feathers you now wear, my Charlotte, are the productions of that bird, and I hope you will
take

JUVENILE RAMBLES. 47

take care of them, for they are very dear. I see the footman is coming to call us to dinner.

R A M B L E V.



I See, Master Billy, that you are ready for another Ramble; but I think, Miss Charlotte, that the weather looks very doubtful: we will therefore amuse ourselves to-day with what the flower-garden

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garden and orchard will afford us. Even here, and indeed wherever we step, we may find objects in plenty to employ the most inquisitive mind.

Put this rose, my pretty Charlotte, into your bosom. It is as pretty as yourself, but will not perhaps last so long. The rose, or indeed any other flower, is a very natural emblem of the shortness of human life. Like that rose, we blow in the morning, bloom at noon, and fade before night. That is, from the bloom of youth, we soon pass on to maturity, when a few more years put us in mind of old age.

What artist can paint to perfection any thing like those tulips, those fine carnations, and that bed of ranunculus? Those auriculas, which some through mistake call recklaces, are very beautiful, as well as those hyacinths, which are produced in Holland, and from thence sent over to this kingdom. View that lily, whose delicate whiteness is not surpassed by any thing

JUVENILE RAMBLES. 49

thing in nature; and see those noble sunflowers and majestic holyoaks, which raise their lofty heads above the other flowers, and seem to look down on every thing beneath them, as kings look down upon their subjects!

Can any thing be more delightful than the view of that arbour, encircled on all sides with jessamines and honey-suckles! How delicately beautiful are the white and green of the jessamine, which seem to give an inexpressible additional lustre to the enchanting honeysuckle! What a fragrant smell they diffuse around them! It is probable, that it was in such arbours as these, that Adam and Eve passed their happy days of innocence.

All these flowers spring at first either from seeds, or from little roots taken from great ones. Many of the flowers you here see, were at first taken from hedges in the open fields, and being transplanted into richer soils, have acquired that beautiful state in which you

D

now

now see them. These delicate flowers require very great attendance, and were they not properly watered by the gardener in dry and sultry weather, they would be parched up and wither, in like manner as we should die with thirst had we not something frequently to drink.

Plants, like the human race, will not thrive every where alike. Delicate and tender plants must be put into light earth, that, as they endeavour to make their way upwards, the resistance they meet with may not be too great. To plants of a stronger and more powerful nature, stiffer soils must be given them, as light earth would not afford them sufficient nourishment; and some plants thrive only in marshy places, while others must have dry soils.

It is not the surface of the earth only, my dear children, that affords so great a variety; for even beneath its surface as great a variety is to be found. Look into that pit where the gardener has been digging.

digging. At the top you see a fine earth, such as lies upon the surface of this garden. A little below it you see gravel, which the gardener takes out to lay upon his walks, which not only occasions them to look very prettily, but also keeps them dry, and prevents the rain from settling on them. A little further down, you see a fine white sand, with which the maid covers her kitchen floor to keep it clean; and still lower down in the pit you see a kind of stiff clay, of which they make bricks. These matters, my dears, are well worthy of your observations, and I would advise young people to take notice of every thing they see.

In some pits are chalk, which the farmer lays upon cold and watry lands to improve them; and some pits produce even stone and marble, of which they build houses and strong castles. Gold, silver, copper, and other metals, are all dug out of the earth, and after passing through the hands of the refiner, are

brought to that state, in which we find them so desirable and useful.

In some pits are found coals, which are absolutely necessary for many occasions. Your meat could not be so well roasted, nor your puddings so well boiled, were it not for coals, as without them all your stock of wood would soon be exhausted.

It is by the assistance of coals that strong fires are made, which separate all the minerals, such as gold, silver, iron, and other sorts, from their native ores. What I mean by ores is the metal, of what kind soever, when it first comes out of the mine, mixed with earth, and other bodies, which are separated by the fire, and at last leaves the pure metal.

I must tell you, my dears, and I doubt not but you will remember it, that gold is the heaviest of all metals, and that, if it be in a pure state, melt it ever so often in the fire, it will never lose any of its weight. Besides, if it be laid by ever so

long,

long, tho' it will tarnish, it will never rust, like other metals, but will always retain its original value. Here is a guinea, miss Charlotte and matter Billy: see how pretty it looks; and be assured, when you both grow up, should you continue to be as good as you now are, you will never want plenty of them.

Silver is of less value than gold, because it is not so durable; yet it is a very valuable metal. A guinea, by means of silver shillings, may be divided into twenty-one parts, which is very handy for change in the course of business. Your buckles are made of silver, so are your cream pot, your tea and table spoons, your coffee-pot, and many other articles of household implements. Yet, useful as gold and silver are, they have done a great deal of mischief in the world: many a promising young gentleman has been hurt by the bad use of them, and many a pretty miss ruined.

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Iron,

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Iron, though it bears no comparison in point of value with gold and silver, yet is a most useful metal. It makes bolts and bars to secure our houses from thieves, it makes ploughshares, harrows, forks, scythes, and many other implements of husbandry, as well as carpenters tools, and many other instruments in the polite arts. What could you do, Billy, for pegs to your top, were it not for iron? Yet this said iron, valuable as it is, is often made use of to bad purposes. They often convert it into swords, guns, cannon, and cannon-balls bigger than either of your pretty little heads, with which men kill one another. Thus you see, my dears, that the best things may be turned to the worst purposes.

Copper serves to make frying-pans, kettles, saucepans, and other kitchen utensils; and copper, by the addition of what is called lapis calaminaris, is converted into brass, which makes your common candlesticks, fenders, and such like.

JUVENILE RAMBLES. 55

like things, and is a very durable composition.

Tin is no less useful than copper and brass; for were not the brass and copper utensils lined with tin, it would be very dangerous to use them. I might say a great deal more concerning lead, pewter, and other things; but when you shall be grown older, you will then study natural history, in which you will not only find a confirmation of what I have told you, but will meet with many things more to please you.

Bless me, my little dears, we have continued our ramble. If we have got into the orchard, why let us leave what is far under our feet, to contemplate what we now see above our heads. It is but a little while since, that the whole of the orchard appeared; but as one large tree most pleasing to the smell, and as delightful to the eye.

Though you have now lost that pleasing smell, and that delightful prospect,

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you will soon be amply repaid by the ripe fruit that will be produced. You will then have plenty of fruit to eat, as well as to make into tarts and puddings. Your spare apples will be made into cyder, and your pears into perry. Thus every season produces something to enliven the heart, to enable us to perform the toilsome journey of life.

But do not let me forget to remind you, my dear little ones, not to meddle with the fruit before they be properly ripe; for green fruit is very dangerous. Last year, master Thoughtless had nearly killed himself by greedily devouring large quantities of green fruit. He was so long ill on the account, and so long confined to his room, where a strict eye was kept over him, that all the summer passed without his being permitted to eat so much as an apple, a pear, or a plum. What a terrible punishment was this!

I see, my dears, you have been very attentive to what I have said. I will not, there-

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therefore, burthen your memories with too much at once. If you please, we will return to the house.

R A M B L E VI.



GOOD morning to you, my pretty dears, I did not expect to find you dressed so early; but I see you are good children, and are fond of receiving instruction.

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struction Come, miss Charlotte, give me hold of your hand, and do you, master Billy, take hold of your sister's other hand.

So, Dolly, you are milking the cows. Pray hand these little gentry of mine some of your new milk; for they are good children, and deserve it. Milk them some, if you please, from the red cow; for they say the red cow's milk is the sweetest. Do not drink too much, Billy, for fear it should lie heavy on your stomach.

What fine creatures these cows are, and how agreeable to the taste is the milk they give! A cow is a little estate to a poor man, since it supplies his family with a great part of their nourishment. Bread and milk is their usual breakfast and supper, and their dinners are often nothing more than milk and potatoes. And yet see, my dears, how fresh and hearty these poor country children look. If they can now and then get a piece of fat bacon to eat, they think that a feast.

How

JUVENILE RAMBLES. 59

How thankful you both ought to be, that it has pleased God to make you the children of parents who want for nothing!

You see with what pleasure and contentment the cattle crop the meadow grass; to them it is as great a dainty as would be the nicest pies and tarts to you. Nor do they indeed eat this merely for themselves; for that fine grass produces that nice milk, such as you have just now tasted, and this they generally give twice a day.

Providence has given to all beasts four legs; for had they only two, they might then walk upright as we do, which would be very inconvenient for animals, whose food is on the ground, and to eat which they must stoop to crop it; nor would two legs be able to carry a body of so great a weight as theirs. Cows are never shod like horses, and therefore you see what hard feet they have, which would otherwise be sadly cut and mangled. Their horns not only serve them as weapons

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pons to defend them when other beasts attack them, but likewise contribute to give them a noble appearance; for see how naked those cows look about the head, who have no horns.

Do not go too near that cow, Billy; for though she looks so quiet, and seems to take no notice of you, yet some are mischievous, and will kick at people. You know master Giddy was so silly as to go up to a cow, and attempt to play with his tail, when the cow gave him such a kick, that he has been lame ever since, and will all his life have reason to lament his imprudence.

We suffer these cows to feed on what herbs they please, and permit them to range all day at liberty round the fields, to regale themselves upon what they can find, and what is but of little service to us; and they return home in the evening, to repay the obligation with large and plentiful bowls of milk. On the top of the milk, after it has stood some
hours

JUVENILE RAMBLES. 61

hours in pans, a fine cream rises, which they skim off, and put into churns, and then make it into butter. What remains is called butter-milk; but what that is, I need not tell you, as I know you are both very fond of it.

They also convert milk into cheese; and you both know very well, that you could have neither cheesecakes, custards, nor puddings, were it not for this said milk. How many people have been cured of consumptions by living upon milk, when all medicines have failed? It is not many years since, my dear children, that milk was your only food.

See the pretty little calves, how they skip about the meadow, and mingle with each other! yet every cow knows its own calf, and every calf its own cow, while those who look after them cannot tell the one from the other. But these pretty little calves will soon be disposed of to the butcher, who will kill them, and then they

62 JUVENILE RAMBLES.

they will be called veal, which you know is very nice eating.

Cows, oxen, and calves, my dear children, are not only useful in supplying us with milk, beef, and veal, but they afford us other valuable things; for their skins are sold to the tanners, who make leather of them, which are converted into shoes, boots, and an hundred other useful articles. Even their horns are of great use, for with these they make combs to comb your heads with, and to answer a vast number of other purposes. Thus you see how good God is to us!

Bless me, my dears, why we have rambled to the banks of a fine river. See how the water steals along in flow and solemn pace, while the little fishes now and then jump above its surface. But let me tell you, that the fishes jump out of the water, not through sport and wantonness, but only in pursuit of some delicate fly, of which they wish to make a prey. Master Billy, you shall go home
immedi-

JUVENILE RAMBLES. 63

ately, if you go so near to the brink of the river. Should you tumble in, you would be drowned, and then you must be buried before you become a man.

The cattle, indeed, venture on its banks, and drink freely of the limpid stream. To them it is as great a delicacy as the choicest wines are to his lordship, and they never drink more than is sufficient to satisfy their thirst. When they have eat and drank as long as they please, they lie down and sleep on the enamelled meadow, more pleasing and grateful to them than beds of down are to the rich and powerful.

I will tell you, my little dears, what will very much surprise you, but what is really a truth. You will always see fields, which lie by the sides of rivers, more beautiful and flourishing than those which have no rivers near them. Now mind what is the cause of it. The sun, during the heat of the day, draws up the
water

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water into the air, not in large bodies, but in little particles, or specks, such as you frequently see fly out of the tea-kettle when the water is boiling violently. The water, in this state, continues in the clouds till the sun sets, and then, the heat no longer supporting it in the air, it falls during the night in gentle dews, and refreshes all the lands in the neighbourhood of the river. Do not you remember, master Billy, how severely you was chidden for running in the grass before the sun had dried up the dews, and thereby wet your shoes quite through. Miss Charlotte was more prudent, and kept on the gravelly path-way.

We are very apt, my dear children, to complain when we are caught in a shower, and it is natural for us to do so, because we sometimes catch cold by it; but we do not consider of what great service it is to the grass, how it enlivens all nature, and how beautiful it makes every field and meadow look.

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JUVENILE RAMBLES. 65

me particularly remind you, my dears, never to stand before the fire in your wet clothes to dry them, but always pull them off, if you have any value for your health or your lives; for the heat strikes the damp inwards, and always is hurtful. Master Tommy Careless got wet through in a shower of rain last Easter holidays, and not having patience to pull off his clothes, and dry them properly, he stood before a large fire with them on, and dried them in that manner. However, he paid dearly for his folly; for he fell ill, and, in less than a month, the village knell tolled as he was carrying to his grave. My dears, what a sad thing was that to his poor parents!

Oxen and cows, and other animals of the fields, pay no regard to these rains: they stay out in them all day, and sometimes even all night, without receiving the least injury. Nature has furnished them with clothing that no weather can penetrate; while a smart shower will wet us

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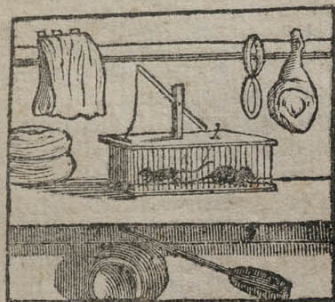
to

to the skin, and expose us to many other inconveniences. A heavy shower of rain, Miss Charlotte, would spoil your feathers, and spot your coat, Master Billy, while the oxen and cows would continue grazing quite unconcerned.

Let us quit the borders of this delightful river, and return home, where, I doubt not, you will reflect on what I have now said to you. Young folks must accustom themselves, not only to read carefully, and properly attend to what is said to them, but they must also accustom themselves to reflect on what they read and are told. My dear Billy, hand your sister over that stile.

R A M B L E

R A M B L E VII.



BLESS me, Master Billy, what have you got there? It is a mouse-trap, I declare, with some little mice in it, and caught in the pantry, I suppose. Do not be frightened at them, Miss Charlotte, they will do you no harm. See how the poor little things tremble! Put down the trap, Master Billy, and leave the mice to the disposal of the cook, while we pur-

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sue

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sue our Rambles, and talk over matters as usual.

Even those mice you have just now left behind you, afford something worthy of your observation. These little animals undoubtedly do a good deal of mischief in kitchens and pantries; but they often pay dear for the dainties they meet with, as they sometimes feel the talons of Miss Puffs, who, if she once lays hold of them, is sure to break their bones and devour them.

Bless me, what a pretty little field-mouse is running along there! I thought it would be too nimble for you, Billy, and that you would not be able to catch it. Now, there is a great deal of difference between a house mouse and a field mouse, not so much in their shape as in their art and cunning; for Providence has given to the meanest animal a something, which makes them sensible of their wants, and the means by which they

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they are to satisfy them, even in the future, as well as the present.

The house mice never give themselves any concern about laying up winter stores, because the pantries and cellars supply them with a constant succession of provisions. They live too on greater dainties than the field mice; but they run greater dangers from the talons of Miss Puffs; so that what the field mouse wants in luxury, is made up by the safety attending his situation. And here let me observe to you, my little dears, that you will, as you grow up, find it much the same all through life, that the highest stations are generally the most dangerous, and the middle states most secure.

The field mice, who in summer know that winter will come, always lay up a stock against the approach of frost and snow. They build their houses under ground with much art and elegance. Their cells have a free communication with each other, and each is appropri-

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ated to some particular use. One is set apart for the reception of their stores, which consist of all sorts of fruits, according to the season, but particularly nuts and ears of corn. These last are laid up in heaps, and will keep longer than any other articles of their provisions. Other apartments are appropriated to the service of the family, and furnished with little beds of wool and cow-hair. At the extremity of the lodge-ment there is one general magazine that supplies the whole, and on which they feed, when the weather will not permit them to stir out of their habitations. Can human creatures, my dears, behave with more prudence?

Have you, my dears, ever seen a hedge-hog? I know you have got a picture of a porcupine, between whom and the hedge-hog there is a perfect resemblance, and they both have their respective magazines. The porcupine is covered all over with large pointed quills, some white

JUVENILE RAMBLES. 71

white, and some black. When he is attacked, he bends his head and paws under him, rolls himself up in a globular form, and erects his prickles of quills in such a manner, that dogs, and other animals, are often obliged to decline the combat.

The hedge-hog makes another advantage of his pointed quills. He rolls himself over apples, grapes, or any other fruits he can find, under the trees, and conveys them away on the sharp points. He eats, as soon as possible, what takes up too great a part of his store room; and makes a reserve of nuts to serve him till the close of the summer. As to the winter, he makes no provision for it, as he indulges himself in sleep during the greater part of that uncomfortable season.

Did not you observe that pretty little bee fly by us? How he was loaded! Well, I will give you some account of these bees, and it will be well worth both your attentions.

There are three sorts of bees in every hive: the first are the laborious part, each of which has a trunk to assist him in the execution of his work, and a sting to defend him in case of an assault. The second sort are the drones, who are longer and larger than the former, and these have no stings. The third sort are not only much stronger and larger than the drones, but they have stings likewise, as well as the populace or common bees. It is, my dears, a received opinion, that there is but one supreme or sovereign bee in each hive, and that this sovereign of theirs is dignified and distinguished by the title of their queen.

The drone eats, and no one but himself reaps any advantage from it; he contributes nothing to the public stock, he is well provided for, he does no manner of work, nor even ranges round the fields; he takes a turn or two, indeed, now and then to air himself, and walks round the hive, without the least interruption. As
he

he has no enemy to fear, so nature has given him no sting for his defence.

It is certain, my little dears, that such indolent creatures would not be suffered in a state so remarkable for industry as the bees are, if they were not reserved for some service or other. You know there are people who may be called drones, who do no kind of work, but depend upon other people for their bread.

At the approach of autumn, when it is foreseen that provisions will begin to grow scarce, the drones then get into disgrace, and are turned out of doors, as being a burthen to the commonwealth. It is in vain for the drones to attempt to be obstinate, and think of maintaining their station: they lay hold of their wings and shoulders, thrust them out, and harass and fatigue them. In short, they drive them all out, without the least favour or affection. Thus, my dears, you see what is the consequence of idleness.

The

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The whole community of bees, young and old, live in peace and unity together, so long as there are conveniences for their reception; but when their number is so far encreased, as not to find sufficient room for them, then the old bees, whose right and title are indisputable, make war upon the young ones, if they refuse to quit the hive. In general, however, the young brood testify all the duty and submission imaginable; and, at a certain day and hour, or rather at one and the same moment, the whole swarm of young bees, with their queen at their head, march out of the hive in form, and take their flight to some distant fields, in search after some other agreeable situation. If bees behave so dutifully to their parents, how obedient ought little misses and masters to be, since they have more sense than bees.

I beg you will attend, my dears, to the curious manner in which they build their nests. When they begin this business, they

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they divide into four several parties. The first party range all over the fields in quest of proper materials; the second work upon the materials that are brought home, and make a rough draught or plan of the intended structure; the third polish and complete it, bringing it to its utmost beauty and perfection; and the fourth attend with provisions on such as have not time to leave their work. The making of the cells is really very difficult and troublesome, because they not only lay the wax smooth, but also extend it to its proper dimensions, and cut and adjust it with their jaws.

Though the neatness and beauty of their work is surprising, yet these labourers are so active and industrious, that a comb, consisting of a double row of cells, which is a foot long, and six inches broad, is accomplished in a day's time, and is large enough for the reception of three thousand bees. The honey-combs are divided into three parts; one,

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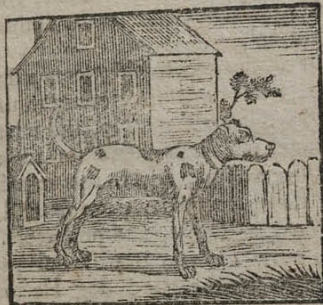
one, in which they bring up their young; another, in which they deposit their wax, with which they occasionally repair their habitations; and the third, in which they treasure up their winter stores.

You know, my dears, what honey is, and you have often seen bees-wax. These are produced by bees, who collect it from various kinds of plants and flowers, and these they use with the greatest precaution. Each bee is allowed every thing that is necessary for his support, but nothing that is superfluous, and not the least grain of wax is thrown aside or neglected.

In short, my dear children, a bee-hive is a school, to which too many of the human race have much need to go. Prudence, industry, love of our neighbours, zeal for the public good, neatness, temperance, and all the virtues, are conspicuous in bees, or, to speak more properly, they read us lectures on those moral subjects. These little animals are
all

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all perfectly happy, and strictly united; they toil for the public good, and are submissive and obedient, in all respects, to the laws of the community.

R A M B L E VIII.



SO, Master Billy, you are stroking and making much of your dog Hector this morning. He is a fine fellow, and he is so good humoured too, that you need

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need not be afraid, Miss Charlotte, of stroking him. He knows you and all the family too well to behave amiss to you. See how he wags his tail, which is a proof how happy he thinks himself in being taken notice of by you. Come, my dears, we will proceed on another Ramble, and as we walk on, I will tell you something of the nature of this faithful animal.

Of all the accomplishments a dog possesses, none is more pleasing to us, than that inviolable friendship, and undaunted courage, which he shews for his master on all occasions, and in this respect dogs may be considered as our faithful companions, assistants, and protectors. You have both of you heard your papa relate, that your good dog Hector prevented a thief robbing him on the highway, and he has more than once saved the house from being broke open, by his alarming the family with barking, which
was

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was as much as to say, "Master, here are thieves in the yard."

I will now, my dear children, tell you for what purposes the different kinds of dogs were intended by our wise Creator; for he has assigned every kind of dog for some particular purpose. But I shall take no notice, Miss Charlotte, of your lap-dog, for they are useless animals, and often are fed better than poor people.

The mastiff and the bull-dog guard our houses in the night, and reserve all their fury and resentment for those hours, in which necessitous vagrants may form bad designs against us. How terrible it is to be waked out of our sleep by men with pistols in their hands! It would frighten you out of your mind, Miss Charlotte; and I am not clear how Master Billy would behave on such an occasion. I am not at all surpris'd that you are so fond of Hector.

It is the property of the shepherd's dog to attack the wolf in those countries that
abound

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abound with wolves. We had wolves at one time in England, but they are now nearly, if not quite, demolished. There are other qualities peculiar to the shepherd's dog. You may frequently observe how readily he obeys his master's order, and turns the sheep which way he is bidden, and that more expeditiously than half a dozen men could do it. Should the shepherd be weary, and lie down on the grass, the dog will squat down by him, and woe to him that should dare to disturb him.

There are various kinds of sporting dogs, and among these is the terrier, who has very short legs, to enable him to bury himself in the grass, or break his way through a quick-set hedge.

Nature has bestowed on the greyhound a sharp head and a slender body, in order to cut the air with more ease, and pursue his game with greater expedition. His long thin legs soon stretch over a large tract of ground; he exceeds even
the

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the hare in point of swiftness, whose safety therefore principally depends on its turnings and windings, and other arts of flight. This creature is the reverse of the terrier, not only in his shape, but in his daily exercise and employment. The terrier is short sighted; but then he has a fine nose, because he has more occasion for a sure scent than a quick eye, when he lies concealed in the grass, or darts through a bramble bush. The greyhound, on the contrary, is of little service but on the plain, and has no scent; but he never fails of discerning his prey at a distance.

The setting dog stops in a moment, and squats as soon as he spies his game, in order to give his master timely notice. There are various sorts of them, who are named according to their qualifications. All of them are equally eager for the sport, and faithful in the due discharge of their offices.

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In short, my dear children, among all the various kinds of dogs, there is not one but what renders himself, in some degree, amiable by his sprightliness and activity, valuable by his indefatigable industry, and sometimes serviceable by his vigilance, and the timely notice he gives his master of some approaching danger in the night, when all the family perhaps are sleeping.

Let me lift you up, my pretty dears, to look over these park pales. See how nobly that stag looks with his branching horns; and how prettily those deers look, but still more prettily those sportive fawns that bound and leap by the side of them. They are, Billy, more active than you.

Now these bucks and does produce that nice venison, with which your papa's table is so often spread. Even their skins are very valuable, and are applied to many very useful purposes. These creatures are not suffered to wander

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der in open fields like cows, sheep, and such like cattle, but are generally kept in parks, or other enclosed places, to prevent their getting away, as well as to preserve them from the hands of poachers. Perhaps, my dears, as you do not know what poachers mean, I will tell you. They are a set of idle men, who are more pleased with stealing and selling game, than they are with getting an honest livelihood by working at the different trades they were brought up to.

Gentlemen are very fond of hunting these fine creatures, and the king and prince of Wales take great delight in this sport. They turn out one of these deers on some open place, then set a pack of dogs after him, and follow him over hedge and ditch; through rivers and brooks, and indeed stop at nothing, till they come up with and kill him. This sport, however, is attended with some danger; for sometimes the horses

stumble, and in course throw their rider, who is frequently so much hurt as never to recover it. Thus you see, my dears, that the greatest pleasures are frequently attended with the greatest dangers. I am sure you must have remarked, that after you have laughed to a violent degree at any thing, you have afterwards found yourselves low and depressed. It is a proverb, as old as it is true and just, that "pleasure and pain are inseparable companions."

Bless me, Charlotte and Billy, see how that hare runs cross the field! How nimbly it trips along, and yet as it runs keeps looking behind it. Were any of those greyhounds here that I mentioned to you just now, they would soon stop her course, poor thing!

Gentlemen also hunt these hares with dogs, and pursue them more for pleasure, or what they call *sport*, than for the sake of eating them after they are killed. Now, to be sure, hares, deers,
and

and all other kinds of game, were intended by Providence for our food; but I cannot think that Providence ever meant they should be killed in this cruel manner.

Shooting, I think, is far more excusable than hunting; because, when a bird is shot, he generally falls down dead at once, and if it should happen that he be not quite dead, the sportsman generally instantly twists his neck, and puts an end to its misery. But for men to pursue a timorous hare for hours together, and employ those noble and generous animals, horses and dogs, in the pursuit, as though they were not a match for a hare themselves, is something so inconsistent and unaccountable, that I am lost in conjecture.

If I am, my dear children, so displeased with gentlemen hunting a timorous and innocent hare, how much more angry must I be with those ladies who join in the chase! The delicacy

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of a woman should teach her, to feel no sport from any thing, in which cruelty is concerned. When you grow up, my dear Charlotte, I hope you will never hunt the hare.

Come, Billy, run home, as we are now near it, and get the basin of milk ready for Miss Charlotte; as for yourself, I shall leave you to do as you please, but I think this walk has procured you an appetite to your breakfast. It is a shame for little folks to lie in bed on a morning, when every thing looks so sweet and blooming. Besides, air and exercise are infinitely preferable to all the medicines in an apothecary's shop.

Bless me, Miss Charlotte, so I find your favourite cat has got kittens. What little things they are, and how they reel about, being unable to walk properly! I am sure, you will both of you spare them a little milk. At present they are blind; but in about nine days they will begin

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begin to see, and then they will play a thousand little tricks.

When the old puss has taught the young ones to catch mice, and by other means to provide for themselves, she will then begin to be very careless about them, and thereby force them to watch for the mice and other things that may come in their way. She will not then even suffer them to play with her tail, but will give them a pat with her paw every time they attempt it, thereby intimating, that, as they encrease in age, they must lay aside youthful tricks.

You, yourselves, my dear children, must by and by give up many of your present amusements, in order to attend to matters of a more serious consequence.

R A M B L E IX.



GOOD morning to you, Miss Charlotte and Master Billy. You are very good children; for there is no occasion to call you up on a morning. This looks as if you were fond of the instructions I give you, and will induce me to take the more pains with you; for it is a pleasure to instruct good children.

children. Come, then, let us take a ramble over these fields.

How happy those horses seem to be! They skip and dance about, and think not of the toils and fatigues of the day, which they have to go through. Though they now skip and dance about in this manner in the field, yet as soon as the harness shall be put on, they will be quiet and peaceable, and obedient to the commands of the driver.

You have often, my dear children, heard me say, that custom is a very powerful thing. Had not custom dignified the lion with the awful title of the *King of the Beasts*, reason would undoubtedly have bestowed it upon the horse.

The lion has certainly no right to such a title, he being rather an usurper and a tyrant; for he makes no other use of his power, than either to devour his subjects, or inspire them with horror and amazement. It has, indeed, been said of the lion,

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lion, that he is a very generous animal, and that he will never attack a man, unless he be hungry; and hunger, you know, as it is said, will break through stone walls.

I must here, my dears, tell you something concerning a lion, to which I was myself a witness, as well as some thousands besides. I rambled one day into the Tower of London, in order to see the wild beasts there, and among the rest was an old grave lion. Some people of a cruel disposition, had some time before brought a little dog with them, which they conveyed into the lion's den, in order to have the pleasure to see how soon he would be devoured; but the lion disappointed their cruelty, and took no notice of the dog, but even suffered him to pick the bones that were given the lion, after he had done with them. It was pretty enough, to see how the old lion would walk backward and forward in the

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the den, without giving the dog the least interruption.

Yet notwithstanding all this, the horse is certainly more deserving the title of *King of the Beasts*; for he neither injures his fellow-creatures in their persons, nor attempts to invade their properties, nor does he any thing to render himself the object of hatred or contempt. No bad qualities can be justly ascribed to him; and, in fact, he is possessed of all such habits as are amiable and praise-worthy.

Only look at that horse, my dears, for there is no animal whatever so complete, with respect to his form and shape; he has a most grateful spirit, he is liberal in his services, and he is not a voracious eater, though he is as delicate in his eating, as he is noble in his appearance.

Turn your eyes, my dear children, upon any other animals whatever, and
you

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you will find none that has so beautiful a head, or eyes so sparkling and full of fire. His neck is clothed with majesty, and his mane waves in the wind with infinite grandeur. In short, he has a most stately chest, a fine body, and most curious limbs. Whether he be under the direction of his rider, or at his own liberty to range the fields without controul, you may observe, in all his attitudes, a noble deportment, and an air which strikes the eye of every beholder, though insensible of all his other perfections, with an agreeable surprise.

His inclinations, my dears, are still more engaging; he can properly be said to have but one inclination, and that is, to be as serviceable as possible to his master. If it be expected he should drag the plough, or carry any burden, how heavy soever, he is always ready and willing. If the owner propose to ride him, ~~he seems conscious~~ of the honour, and
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uses his utmost endeavours to please him. At the least signal, he alters his pace, and either walks, trots, or gallops, as required.

Neither the length of his journey, the badness of the road, neither hedges nor ditches, nor even the most rapid rivers, discourage him; he flies like a bird over every obstacle that would give a check to his career. He will sometimes carry his master out of that danger, of which he himself was not aware. He supports his master in the field of battle, the sound of the trumpet and the drum inspire him with fresh ardour, and he faces even the mouth of the cannon.

Since a horse is so useful and noble an animal, do not you think it a pity, my dears, that they should ever be ill used? yet they frequently are by unmerciful drivers, who have less humanity than the dumb animals they so badly use. Some people do not well feed them, and then in
course

course they cannot do their business properly; and you know, that the ploughman cannot work without eating.

I am sure you would be well pleased, Master Billy, to have a horse to ride on; and so you will have one, when you grow old and big enough. But you must first know how to ride and manage a horse, otherwise it may be very dangerous; for many a little boy has been killed by getting across a horse, and galloping away, before he had learned how to sit upon it.

You too, my dear Charlotte, will by and by have a little Galloway to ride on. Though I have said it is not becoming in ladies to go hunting, yet riding merely to take the air, or a short journey, is not only allowable in point of decency, but very beneficial for their health. Nothing can have a more pretty or innocent look, than to see a little miss and master riding by the side of each other, when even
their

their little horses seem proud of carrying them.

Let me particularly advise you, my dear Billy, never to run among the horses in the stable, and still more particularly never to attempt to pull long hairs out of their tails, for many a little boy has been killed by a horse's kick for so doing. Horses are very strong and powerful, and kick with an amazing force; besides, you know their feet are shod with iron.

Some noblemen and gentlemen keep horses merely to run races, and these are bought and sold for a great deal of money; but there are other horses, which are very rough and clumsy, and yet these horses are not to be despised, since they do that hard and laborious work, which fine race horses could never do. There are some fine large bay horses with long tails and manes, and six of these dragging a fine coach after them is a very pretty sight; is it not, Charlotte?

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Had it not been for horses, my dear children, you would never have been able to go to see your kind relations in Yorkshire: for how could you have walked an hundred and fifty miles? That would have been a ramble indeed, and such as you would never have gotten to the end of: but, by the assistance of horses, you got there in a short time, and even slept some part of the way. Indeed, we should be starved in London, were it not for horses, who drag all sorts of necessaries in heavy-loaded waggons from all parts of the kingdom, which men alone could never do.

Bless us, what have we got here? A poor ass, I declare. He makes but a mean figure, when compared to the noble horse; and yet he is not to be despised. Do not you remember, my dear children, that asses milk recovered your dear mama, when she was supposed to be going into a consumption?

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I am sure, you will not despise them for that reason.

This animal is very useful to poor people, who cannot afford to keep a horse; because he will live upon almost any thing, and be contented with what the hedges and ditches afford him. He requires no stable nor straw to lie on in the night-time, but takes shelter under some hedge or tree in the fields, without any expence to his owner.

There is no place, where they are so ill used as in and about London. As almost every tradesman there must keep his horse, so almost every chimney sweeper must keep his jack-ass; but these poor creatures are most barbarously used, and frequently even starved to death. There are a set of people, who call themselves sand-merchants, and these generally keep a little cart and two asses, who drag the cart about the city of London, for their masters to sell their sand retail.

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But, my dear children, the sun begins to grow warm, and I fancy you begin to grow hungry; we will therefore get home to breakfast, and to-morrow morning we will renew our rambles.

R A M B L E X.



COME and kiss me, my dear Charlotte, and so do you, my pretty Billy! You cannot think how I am delighted, to find you every morning at my

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my chamber-door, ready to attend me on a fresh ramble. Well, you are certainly both of you sweet good creatures!

So, Master Billy, what have you espied in that tree? Oh, it is a bird's nest! I hope you do not long to take it; for it is cruel to rob these pretty little creatures of their nests and eggs, which have cost them so much care and trouble. I will give you some account of these pretty birds, and I think you will afterwards never wish to use them ill.

No sort of birds whatever has more or less than two wings. It is by the assistance of the wings that they skim through the air in that wonderful manner. If you remember, Billy, one of your little companions wantonly cut off part of the feathers of one of the wings of his bird, when the poor little creature was unable to fly; but this was such a piece of cruelty as I think you will never be guilty of.

It is owing to their tail that they turn about in the air, and change the position of their flight as often as they please. Look at that little bird, how he hops from sprig to sprig, and wags his little tail. He feels no cares nor disappointments, but when naughty boys rob him and his mate of their nests.

It is a very pretty amusement to observe the resemblance, which is visible in every nest of the same kind of bird, and the difference there is between the nests of different sorts of birds; and, indeed, neatness, industry, and precaution, are visible in every part of them. Their nests are composed of splinters of dry wood, the bark of trees, dry leaves, hay, straw, moss, cow-hair, horse-hair, down, wool, spiders-webs, feathers, and a thousand other materials of the like nature.

One kind of birds build their nests at the tops of trees, another on the ground, and in the grass; but wherever their apartments are situated, they take particular

ular care to have them under some commodious shelter; that is, either under some herb, some shady bough, or a double canopy of leaves, from whence the rain may descend, without ever dripping into the nest that lies concealed beneath it. Can any thing, my dears, be more artful and prudent than this?

The outworks, or foundations of the nest, consist of more solid and substantial materials: thorns, reeds, straw, and the thickest moss they can get, are made use of for that purpose. Having first brought their nests into a roundish rough form, they then secure the opening from the bleak winds, and the intrusion of any insect. When the outside is finished, they take all imaginable care to embellish the inside with feather-hangings, or to line it with wool, so as to make it warm and commodious for themselves and their little brood.

What is very singular, my dear children, when they cannot furnish themselves

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selves with such materials as they think necessary for their nests, they spare no pains to find out something that will answer the same ends. A lady, who kept a great number of birds in her own house, in what is called an aviary, that is, a little room on purpose to keep birds in, having provided her little guests with nothing more than hay for making their nests, was very agreeably surprised at the expedient the female had recourse to, in order to supply the want of wool or cotton. The little animal set herself to work, and picked feather after feather from the breast of the male, without the least opposition on his side; and with the down she had thus robbed him of, hung her whole apartment in a very elegant and artful manner.

May we not here ask, who informed the female, that she should deposit her eggs there, and that those eggs would be lost without a proper degree of heat? Who acquainted her, that a nest was abso-

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absolutely necessary to preserve them from falling, and to bring them to perfection by a gradual heat? Certainly, that great and good God, who sees every action of our lives, and who teaches even birds in what manner to preserve themselves. As you grow up, my dear children, accustom yourselves thus to reason upon things, and the more you look into the wonders of the creation, the more you will reverence and adore the great author of them all.

I see you so attentive, my dears, that I shall proceed. Though the bird has no other implements to work with than her bill and claws, yet there are such marks of art and contrivance in her work, as discover all the regularity of the basket-maker, and the industry and application of the mason; for, in the structure of some of these nests, we see the down, the hairs, and the reeds are most beautifully interwoven.

If you recollect, my dears, the other day you shewed me a swallow's nest that had fallen down the chimney: for, you know, swallows frequently build in chimnies. In that nest was neither wood, hay, nor bandage; for the swallow makes use only of a kind of cement. She has no pail to hold her water, no wheel-barrow (like Master Billy's) to carry off her sand, nor shovel to mix her mortar: she flies backwards and forwards, wets her breast in the surface of some neighbouring water, then shakes the dew off upon the dust, tempers them well together, and at last works them up with her bill.

When the hen has thus completed her nest, she then lays her eggs, and the dam and male sit upon them by turns, though the hen performs the principal part of that office, and the male twitters to her to amuse her. He flies about from place to place, and every delicate morsel he can pick up, he brings to her.

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In short, his care and attention to ease the confinement of his mate is wonderful, and we are at a loss which we shall most admire, the patience of the hen in sitting so long, twenty days, or the male for his assiduity and attention.

I cannot here help mentioning to you one instance, my little dears, of the goodness and bounty of our Maker. Such birds as are either destructive to us, or for which we have little or no occasion, are those which encrease and multiply the least; while, on the other hand, those whose flesh is most wholesome, and whose eggs are most nourishing, are exceedingly plentiful: the hen alone is a little treasure.

Nature has also shaped different birds, according to the different manner in which they are to get their living. The wood-pecker has a bill of a very considerable length, and very solid and substantial, with short legs; because he principally subsists on worms, or other
such

such insects as reside in the hearts of particular boughs, but for the most part in the bark of rotten wood.

The heron, who is just the reverse of the wood-pecker, is mounted a considerable height; his legs and thighs are very long, and scarcely a feather is to be seen upon them; his neck and back likewise are of an immoderate length. The reason is, that this bird subsists on frogs, little shell fish, or such other fish as he can find in those marshy grounds, which are situated near the banks of large rivers, or the sea-shore.

Thus you plainly see, that Providence has made every animal suitably to the manner in which it is to live; the birds of the air, the fishes of the sea, and the beasts of the forest, all proclaim the wonderful works of God.

I hope, my dear Billy, after I have thus shewn you, with what labour, art, and ingenuity, these poor birds build their

their nests, you will not, when you grow up, take any delight in destroying them. The farmers frequently destroy birds, because they eat the corn off the ground as soon as it is sown; but this they do for their own interest, as an act of necessity, and not out of wantonness. The one is justly allowable, but the other is unpardonable.

Bird-netting is almost as bad as robbing orchards:—when naughty boys rob an orchard, they run the chance of being caught, and then they are generally well beaten; but it is downright cowardice to rob a poor bird, who has it not in his power to revenge his own cause. To be sure, such boys are sometimes punished severely enough, as was Tommy Harebrain, who, having clambered up a tree after a nest, got upon a weak bow, which broke with him, when he fell down and broke his leg.

Only consider, Master Billy, how any of these bird-netting boys would like to be

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be turned out of their house, and their papa and mama robbed of every thing that was dear to them! I am sure it would make them cry. Then why should they wish to make any of those little birds unhappy, who, instead of doing them any injury, strain their pretty throats to sing them the sweetest songs? But, see, the footman is coming to call us to breakfast. Let us walk home.

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R A M B L E XI.



I Yesterday morning, my dear Charlotte and Master Billy, entertained you with some account of the nature of birds, and I shall in this ramble finish that subject. See what a brood of chickens that hen has got, and she takes as much care of them as the fondest mother can of her children.

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I believe I told you yesterday, that a hen alone is a little treasure to a man; for a day scarcely passes but she makes him a valuable present. If, as it sometimes happens, she ceases to furnish her master's table, it is with no other view than to stock his court-yard with new inhabitants, by hatching a brood of her own kind. For all these services she requires no other reward than the fragments of his table, and the refuse of his barn. Do not you both think, that the hen is a very valuable domestic? Did not she lay eggs, what would you do for custards and puddings?

Observe the conduct of this hen, my dear children, with her brood of chickens round about her, and you will find her a different creature to what she was before she became a mother. Her tenderness and affection for her young alter her very nature, and correct her imperfections: before, she was ravenous and greedy,

greedy, but now she is become very moderate and frugal in her eating.

If this hen should now cast her eyes on a grain of corn, a crumb of bread, or any thing, though ever so inconsiderable that is capable of being divided, she will not touch the least part of it, but give her numerous train immediate notice of her success, by a peculiar call which they all understand. They flock in an instant round about her, and the whole treasure is appropriated to their service. As for her own part, she is very careless of what she eats, and is contented with any thing she can pick up.

This industrious feathered parent, though by nature timorous, and apt to fly from the least animal whatever, when marching at the head of her little troop, is a perfect heroine, is fearless of all danger, and will fly in the face of the fiercest mastiff; therefore, do not, Billy, go too near a hen who has young chickens.

Would

Would you think, Charlotte, that it were possible to hatch chickens in ovens? You remember, Billy, I shewed you a little book, in which it is asserted, that hatching eggs in an oven is a common practice, not only in Egypt; but in Italy also. As soon as the chickens come out of the shell, they are put under the care of a fowl; and this fowl, having been trained to the business, leads them about, and performs all the offices of a mother, as if she had hatched them herself.

This is, to be sure, a wonderful thing; but though it has been tried in England, I do not find it has met with much success. Indeed, my dear children, it is a very unnatural way of proceeding, and I do not like it, the more especially as I do not see any necessity for it.

Another odd custom, which I consider as still more idle and ridiculous, is that of putting ducks-eggs under a hen. The ducks are no sooner hatched, than the

first water they come to, in they bounce, and the poor hen, in the utmost distress, clucks and clucks in vain to call them out; for, having hatched them herself, she supposes them to be of the same nature with her chickens, who are not fond of water. This is surely a piece of wanton cruelty.

I think I have heard you both say, that you like to eat part of a fowl, but that you do not like to see them killed. I commend you for your tenderness and compassion; for though Providence has graciously given us these animals, yet, if we were not occasionally to kill them, we should be starved, and the fowls would become so numerous, that they would certainly starve one another. So that, though fowls must be killed by somebody, yet surely no one can take any pleasure in seeing a poor creature in the agonies of death. For this reason beast killing is become a trade, called Butchers,

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who, from being accustomed to seeing so many objects of death, are never suffered to be upon criminal juries.

Look at that game cock : what a noble fellow he is ! And yet these creatures are so inveterate against each other, that they never meet but they fight, and never leave off till one of them be killed, Gentlemen frequently set these creatures to fighting for their diversion, and lay large sums which will be the conqueror ; but surely this is cruel diversion, and I hope, Billy, you will never be a cock-fighter !

Do not be afraid, my dears, of that turkey cock : he is an impudent fellow, but he is one of the greatest cowards in nature ; for, after attempting to be so saucy, only look at him, and he will run away. You love turkies, I know, both roasted and boiled ; and, if I am not mistaken, we shall have one to-day for dinner.

Now I am speaking to you of turkies, I must not forget to mention a singular circumstance concerning this kind of birds.

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It is very observable, that a turkey-hen, when at the head of her brood, will sometimes send forth the most hideous screams, though what should be the real cause or design of her doing so is at that time unknown.

However, her young immediately upon it, run under the bushes, the grass, or whatever else offers, for shelter and protection. They vanish, as it were, in a moment ; and, in case their retreat is not, as they imagine, sufficiently safe and secure, they will stretch themselves at their full length upon the ground, and there lie for a considerable time, stretched out, as though they were dead.

In the mean time, the mother directs her eyes upwards, with an air of horror and confusion ; and she redoubles her sighs and screams in the same frightful manner as before. Such as are curious, as I hope both of you would be on such an occasion, turn their eyes up into the

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air,

air, to find out, if possible, the cause of her inquietude; and, by looking attentively, discover a black spot just under the clouds, but are unable at first to determine what it is. This is a bird of prey, which, although at too great a distance to be immediately distinguished by human sight, could not escape the vigilance and penetrating eye of this indulgent parent. It is this that creates her fears, and puts her whole tribe into such an agony.

Who, my little dears, could inform this mother of an approaching enemy that had never injured her, and hitherto had shewn no act of hostility in the country? Which way could she discover this unknown bird of prey at such a prodigious distance? What private instructions had she given her young family, that they could so readily distinguish, as occasion required, between the intention of one cry and the other, and to regulate their conduct by her language! It is clear, my

my children, that the wisdom of God is conspicuous in every part of the creation. The further you advance in years, the more you will learn of these truths, and new objects will constantly arise for your contemplations.

This will be a hot day, children, though there is a fine breeze coming off that water. See that proud swan, with what state and majesty he sails along, with his snow-white wings expanded to catch the wafting gale! How grand his neck looks, and how beautiful his tail! And pray observe his mate, how proud she is of her young cygnets, and in what pomp she conducts them on the surface of the water. Were any dog to attempt to molest her young, she would soon drown him, by keeping him under water with one of her wings.

See, at a little distance, what a mean figure that goose makes, when compared with the stately swan. This answers

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swers to the common observation in life, that we must not judge of every thing merely by appearances. Those swans, when stripped of their stately feathers, are of little value; while the simple-looking goose will furnish us with an excellent repast; and I am sure you are both fond of geese.

Those pretty ducks, which you now see so merrily swimming on the water, are no unwelcome guests on our table. And, what say you both to a duck and green pease? But pray observe, that the feet of these ducks and geese are webbed, as are the feet of every other kind of water-fowl, which Providence has so directed, to serve them as oars to force their way through the water, and carry them wherever they please to go.

As I find we have some little time to spare before breakfast will be ready, I shall take the opportunity to tell you, that there are some birds, which they call

Birds

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Birds of Passage; that is, birds which pass part of their time here, and the rest of their time in other countries.

Quails are said to come here in the spring from countries at some hundreds of miles distance. They take their flight in such numerous troops, that they sometimes appear like thick clouds in the sky; and very often our ships at sea are so covered with them, that our sailors catch them with all the ease imaginable.

Swallows, and some other birds, at the approach of winter, march off in quest of milder climates. They assemble on a certain day, and fly off in a body. It is very singular, my dears, that they should all meet so exactly on one day, take their flight together, and leave not a single straggler behind them. The principal birds of passage are the quails, swallows, wild-ducks, plovers, wood-cocks, and cranes.

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How these pretty birds should find their way over desert tracts of land, and wide and extensive oceans, is wonderful indeed, and must contribute to raise your wonder and admiration at the goodness of God, who is their guide and protector, and imprints on the mind of each bird a particular method, and such notions as are suitable to its nature.

I shall, my pretty dears, mention only one more kind of birds, and that is what they call *Night Birds*, who alone profess their utmost horror and detestation of the light: they avoid it as their greatest enemy, and while it cheers and enlivens all nature besides, they hide themselves in the most gloomy caverns. They wait with impatience for the return of darkness, that they may steal out of their lonesome prisons, in which the hated day-light had confined them, and then they testify their joy by the most hideous screams.

Their

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Their very form has something in it wild, frightful, solemn, and gloomy, as the owl and bat, and they have an aversion to every other living creature. The generality of them have crooked bills and short talons, out of which their prey, once seized, can never escape.

Those hours of darkness, which were designed for slumber, and the refreshment of nature, are employed by them in surprising other birds that are unguarded and asleep. It is with difficulty that the most vigilant avoid them, but the unguarded are their certain prey.

I have already told you, my little dears, that the owl is useful to destroy mice and other vermin in barns, and it is not to be doubted, that God has assigned some particular use to each of these night birds. But see your papa is beckoning us in to breakfast.

R A M-

R A M B L E XII.



GOOD morning to you, Miss Charlotte; and to you the same, master Billy. As this morning's ramble must be but a short one, if you please, we will step into this church-yard, and see what matter for reflection these gloomy mansions of the dead will afford us.

Pray,

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Pray, master Billy, read the two last lines on that tomb-stone.

*"The blast which nipt my youth will conquer thee:
"It strikes the bud, the blossom and the tree."*

You read very prettily, master Billy. But I was going to tell you, that master Tommy Jones was about twelve years of age, when he one day had been playing a great while at cricket, and being violently heated, he pulled off all his clothes, and jumped into the river, in order to cool himself, which threw him into a fever, and now he lies buried here. When you grow up, Billy, be very cautious not to go into the water when you are hot, as you see what was the consequence of it with poor Tommy Jones. I would also advise you to be very careful not to drink cold water when you are violently

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violently hot, as that may produce the very same fatal effect.

Close by him lies Billy Wilson, who was bathing in the same river, and getting out of his depth, was drowned. If little boys will go into the water, they should always take care to have somebody along with them, who are capable to take care of them.

Come a little further this way, my dears. Here lies master Dicky Flight, who died in the twelfth year of his age. He and some of his companions having agreed to rob an orchard, they all got up into the trees, and were filling their pockets at a great rate, when the farmer seeing them, came out with a horse-whip. Poor Dicky, in his hurry to get down, missed his hold, and fell, and unhappily broke his poor thigh in two places. He was forced to have it cut off, and he died before it was well. Now had he lived, what a terrible thing it would have been,

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been, to be obliged to hop about all his life with a wooden leg! You may always be assured, my dears, that no good attends bad actions.

Close by poor Dicky lies the once sweet and amiable Nancy Graceful, who died, lamented by every one who knew her, in the eleventh year of her age, and close by her lies her brother, master Samuel. The footman having carelessly left a loaded pistol in a room where miss Nancy and her brother were playing, poor Sammy took it up, not considering whether it might be loaded or not, and poor miss Nancy, endeavouring to get it from him, it went off, and killed the dear sweet girl on the spot. Tho' poor Sammy was but ten years of age, he took it so much to heart, for he dearly loved his sister, that he died of grief in six months after her. My dear children, never meddle with fire-arms, nor play with edge-tools.

Every

Every church-yard, my dear children, bears some testimony of the fatal effects of children being rash and careless, and of their being killed by imprudently playing with horses and other cattle. The accidents attending human life are of themselves numerous enough, and you little children should, as early as possible, be admonished to avoid them.

Bless us, master Billy, what beautiful flies are hovering over the graves of these departed little ones! They too have only a little time to live, and perhaps even a few hours may strip them of all their gaudy apparel, and reduce them to the last state of nature.

There is a certain country, where a vast variety of insects are to be seen in different forms, some living low in the ground, others sporting in the water, which, in process of time, assume new shapes, live on the surface of the earth, and crawl like serpents through groves
and

and meadows for a while; then eat no more, but erect themselves a tomb, where they lie for some months, and sometimes whole years together, to all outward appearance without life or motion. Yet, these at least revive, are transformed into birds, break through their prison walls, display their radiant feathers to the sun, expand their wings, and commence gay tenants of the airy regions.

Be not surprised, my little dears, that country I am speaking of is our own, and those gay birds are flies, caterpillars, wasps, and bees, which daily present themselves before our eyes. These little insects, and many others, at their issuing from the egg, are little worms, and nothing more, some with, and others without feet. All these, and many other wonderful operations of the hand of Providence will become familiar to you as you grow up, and inspire you with that
just

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just awe and reverence for God, which all his humble creatures ought to have.

But see, the coach is waiting at the door, to take me to London. I hope, however, that the instruction I have given you in these rambles will not be thrown away, but that you will treasure them in your mind, and convince me, on my return, that my endeavours have not been in vain. Be dutiful to your parents, affable and courteous with your equals, and tender, liberal, and compassionate to your inferiors. Come and kiss me, my pretty little angels! Do not cry, Charlotte! I shall soon see you again, Billy! So God bless you both, and good bye.

T H E E N D.